

Marriages are proportionately about twice as numerous in small Western cities as in New York.

The Paris Herald says that England was so much it earned the world, and that it is about time for an explanation.

One of the curiosities of trade is shown in the fact that a large Norwegian steamer has been chartered to carry thirteen hundred tons of paper pulp to Fleetwood, England, from a wood pulp factory in Maine. For the year ending December 31, 1909, we imported 55,504 tons of wood pulp.

An ironical but timely application of a phrase away from its customary significance in the command "hold up your hands," directed by the city police to tramps who attempt to shingle in El Paso, Texas, relates the Atlanta Constitution. This town of agreeable winter temperatures, lying as it does on the southern railroad route from California, was becoming overcast, as other Texas towns have been, by the ruthless marauders that for months have been thronging outward. The evil abated when the rule was put in force. Now whenever a tramp applies for relief he is compelled to hold up his hands. If the palms do not furnish evidence that he is a genuine workman he is promptly sent to cleansing the streets. As the methods for enforcing ordinances in El Paso emphasize promptness with plenty of force and fireworks it is not strange that tramps hold aloof from that city and bestow their unwelcome visitations on other places.

Women's colleges, in sundry places, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, have broadened out wonderfully since the early days of Vassar. Not to speak of Smith and Tufts in Massachusetts, Mr. Henry F. Durant, by his extraordinary gift of \$1,000,000, made possible the establishment of Wellesley College. In addition to this princely gift, Boston University, with its millions, so broadened its scope that it opened its doors to women, being enabled to do so by the generosity of Jacob Sleeper. In Baltimore the liberality of Mr. Goecheer provided the women's college; also, Miss Mary Garrett founded a preparatory school, which is worth everything in preliminary education. In some of its courses. For Philadelphia, Dr. Taylor established in the suburb of Bryn Mawr a splendid college at an expenditure of \$1,000,000. In New Orleans exists the Sophie Newcomb College, in connection with Tulane University. St. Louis has opened the doors of the Washington University, and women members stand on the same footing with men, thanks to John D. Rockefeller, in the great University of Chicago.

For several years past and probably for several years to come, predicts the New York Independent, the news which will tell most in the world's future history is that which comes from Africa. During the past week there has been an important new chapter added to this history. A French military force has entered Timbuctoo in the very interior and most inaccessible part of the South Sahara neighborhood. France proposes to control the whole of this territory, and she reaches Timbuctoo from the north by way of Algeria and from the west by way of Senegal. Timbuctoo has been an almost unknown city, reached very rarely, and generally by Europeans only in disguise. The information is too meagre so yet for us to understand the full meaning of this occupation. So far as we know the town is a small one, and a small force could have no chance in case of opposition. We have no question that France intends to make Timbuctoo a great center for its influence and power, not that Northwest Africa will be finally under French control. It is often said, and truly said, that France has shown no great aptitude for colonization owing to a lack of an empire population. But she has got Algeria under civilized conditions, and France may not only manage to keep its own territory. The protection of Africa will afford a great outlet for European population and enterprise and will have a great influence on the world.

LIFE'S VICTORIES.

The bravest man is he who overcomes his own fears.
Through good report and ill,
In confidence, in the darkest hour,
A self-reliance will
Let some who say no, consent to be,
For being like me is bravery.
No braver the most temperate sea.
Others may follow by the way,
Others may follow and lead,
But onward ever he musts the worst,
And boldly conquers all.
No knows that for the clouds above
The stars are white, and grandly prove
This boundless measure of God's love.
Whoever, in the ranks of Truth,
Shall strive to reach the way,
And lead the light to victory,
From home to the Mass,
No lagged he, no staided one,
For every day some good begins,
No tulleth till his work is done.
Though fortune ill and care oppress,
Though sorrow come and pain,
No knows there is in every grief
A victory to gain.
No reads, encouragement to find,
This warning printed on his mind:
Hope points the way, look not behind!
Who would life's noblest triumph win,
Must struggle for the Right,
And be, with Wisdom and his aim,
A hero in the fight;
No that when earth and night are over,
His her shall walk thrashing shore
Where trouble smooths no more.
—Caleb Dana, in New York Ledger.

LAYING A GHOST.



I was a merry party of seven young people, and were spending our summer vacation in the Island of Man. Our requirements for a holiday residence were that it should be a pretty place, a seaside place and a cheap place.

In the days of which I speak Ramsey combined all those advantages. Our little party consisted of my sister and myself, three young girls who were in our charge and two South American boys, whose parents had placed them with my mother, in a boarding house, on leaving Europe to return home. My mother was unable to leave home that summer, so I was the eldest of the little holiday party, and I was not yet twenty years of age. Yet I was the keeper of the purse, the matron, the representative of authority, order, discipline, in my little community. We had very nice lodgings in a beautiful position, facing the sea. They were more expensive than we wished, but the fact that the only other lodger was a quiet old lady, who lived there winter and summer, and made it, in fact, her home, decided us to take the room. We were all so young that I felt it would not do to where noisy exquisites or objectionable young people might share the house. All went pleasantly for the first few days. The boys spent their mornings in bathing and their afternoons in boating—they were dear boys—and in the evenings, which I insisted we should all spend together, they were the life of our little party. Our landlady described openly that she was the nearest lodgers she had ever had, and our fellow inmate—the old lady—visited us in our little parlor. She was a tall, handsome old lady, very thin, with sharp aquiline features and large, glittering black eyes.

"My dear," she said, "I came to see you; it is my duty, as I know the ways of the place. You, of course, cannot know them, but I hope you all look your doors at night?" Here she looked around our circle and finally fixed her eyes on Edward, who sat next to me. "You are a nervous laugh," she said, "I never look my door."

"Very wrong boy—very wrong indeed. It is the only possible way to keep out."

"What, mean?" asked Edward, after waiting a reasonable time for the old lady to finish her sentence.

"The draught, boy, the draught."

Edward was now giggling openly, and I said gently that "a little extra air was really pleasant when it is a night, and I was relieved to find that the old lady's attention had wandered to my sister Carry."

"My dear," she said abruptly, "you have beautiful hair."

At this moment a telegram was brought in which made us forget all about the old lady. It told us to be ready early next morning for a drive to Peel, as a cousin of mother's, an old clergyman, of whom we were very fond, would bring a carriage for us immediately after breakfast. All was now haste and preparation, the landlady taking orders and giving advice as to the minutest details of which I wished nicely packed and ready to go with us; and very cleverly the landlady ordered for us, and very content we were hungry party the next day, when, after the long drive and the nightingale, and thrilling tales of the Bingen and the great spectral dog which haunted the ruins—very content we were all to sit round my merry cloth on the green and partake of the good things spread thereon.

"Shall you dream of the spectral dog?" asked Canon Goodman, laughing, as we drove home at last through the night.

"Don't talk of it," said Albert, the youngest of the boys. "It is all very well while we are here together in the daylight, but by-and-by, when Edward and I are alone in that horrid little dark room, I shall think of it."

"Lock your door," said Edward in a sepulchral voice.

"Oh, I dare say," said Carry, with a nervous shiver; "but you can't lock out a ghost."

We got home late and very tired, and went at once to our rooms. Half an hour afterwards just as I was putting out my candle, Carry came in in her dressing gown, with her beautiful hair down her back. Carry really is a pretty girl, and her hair is wonderful. It fell in all the brightest soft ripples nearly to her knees.

"Jane," she said, coaxingly, "do let me sleep with you to-night."

"This hot night!" I exclaimed; "why, Carry, how uncomfortable we should be."

"Do let me, Jane! Somehow I can think of nothing but that horrid dog. I shall not close an eye if I am alone."

Of course I let her stay with me, and in five minutes we were both asleep.

Next morning when we all met at breakfast, I asked, laughingly, if all of them had "locked their doors."

The girls laughed and shook their heads.

"No one, I suppose, saw the spectral dog," said Carry.

The girls again shook their heads, but Edward looked away.

"Edward," said Carry, "you look guilty; I am glad some one else was afraid. I was too frightened to sleep alone, and went in to Jane."

"I was not frightened," said Edward, indignantly, "but it came to me. I saw and felt it."

"Saw it?" exclaimed all the girls at once. "Oh, what was it like? Had it fery eyes? Did it not feel cold and corpse-like? What did it say, or did it say anything?"

"Oh, how lovely to really know someone who, with his own eyes, beheld a ghost!"

"It came from your room, anyhow," said Carry. The night was so hot that I was restless and could not sleep, and I lay awake I heard your room door shut and something trail itself across the lobby; and then my door gently opened and something dim, tall and black, entered and came towards the bed."

"Did you start?" Did you start?" Did you scream?" We heard no noise."

"No," said Edward, "somehow it fascinated me and I felt that I must be still and watch it. There was very little light, so I only saw it like a darker spot in the darkness, moving slowly towards the bed."

At the back of the house and away from the sea.

"Ah, Miss Carry has changed her room."

"Only for one night," I said. "They were all made nervous by hearing the legend of the spectral dog at Peel Castle yesterday, and Carry could not sleep alone lest it should come to her."

"Then now you will lock your door?" said Mrs. Conscience.

"Indeed I shall not," said Carry. "I should always imagine I had locked it in with me."

"Locked it in—with you, and that beautiful hair, I see; it could be most prudent."

On hearing this speech Carry glanced at Edward, and catching his eye they both uttered audibly. Fortunately the landlady just then knocked at the door, and asked Mrs. Conscience to speak to her, as she left us without noticing the two young people's rudeness.

That night I awakened with a sudden start and sat up in bed, listening intently, I heard in the stillness a low moan from the direction of Carry's room, and a moment after the words: "Oh, Jane, Jane! come to me."

"My dearest, I am here," I said, taking her in my arms. "What is wrong? Are you ill or in pain?"

"Oh, Jane, it has been here, just as Edward described it. Oh, take me into your room! Let us go away from this horrible place!"

Of course I understood that my poor little sister had had a nightmare, and that it was no real reasoning with her just then, so I led her to my room, her eyes hidden on my shoulder, lest even in the darkness she should see the dreaded shape. Once in my bed, I wrapped her in my arms and by degrees she ceased to tremble, and in a little time we were both quietly asleep.

We did not wake till nearly breakfast time, and were dressing hurriedly when suddenly it struck me that there was something very unusual about Carry's head.

"Carry," I said, "what have you done with your hair?"

"Done with my hair?" said Carry. "Nothing."

"That is nonsense, my dear; just look at your hair."

"Carry went to the glass."

"Then, Jane," she said, turning a white, and striving to see me—"Jane, it was no dream; something did lean over me in the night and touch my hair."

"Some one has played a wicked, practical joke," I said angrily; "and, besides, frightening you most cruelly, has quite spoiled the front of your hair. One side is cut off, of course, now you must cut the other side and wear a horrid fringe. Mother will be a fringe."

For Carry began to cry and at that moment the breakfast bell rang. There was no help for it—a lock had to be cut off the left side of her hair to make it correspond with the new shorted condition of the right side. I locked the ring, silver from carefully away, and Carry looked at me, fringing over her white forehead, and was consoled to find that she looked prettier than ever. The instant we entered the breakfast-room every one cried out: "Oh, Miss Carry, how nice you look with a fringe!"

Carry was too indignant to answer, and so was I. One of the horrid young wretches had certainly played this cruel trick, and probably all the others were in the secret. I resolved to do nothing about it till I could consult with Canon Goodman as to the best punishment for them, but in the mean time I really could not bring myself to speak to them. Unfortunately the canon had gone to Douglas for the day, so justice could not overtake the evil-doers till his return. In the mean time I was disgusted with their hypocrisy. They talked as though they believed Carry had herself cut off her front hair just to see how she would look with a fringe.

Carry kept her anger admirably, never speaking them, and never alluded to the occurrence of the night, but, of course, they all saw that she was not friends with them, and the more they tried to get back again (after the more indignation I felt, and the more I longed for the canon's return, that they might reap the consequences of their wickedness).

I was quietly working that evening, when all the lamps were lighted. The girls were playing "consequences" and the boys sat idly by, when suddenly I heard Edward's voice at the door, asking earnestly if I would speak to him. I thought he was going to confound what he knew of last night's work, so I went to him at once.

"Miss Jane," he said, "something very queer is going on in Mrs. Conscience's room. Do come to the window and see."

I answered indignantly that I was not in the habit of interfering in the privacy of lodgers, and took of my spectacles.

"But it is dangerous," said Edward. "She has a candle, and I feel quite sure she has some of Miss Carry's hair—anyhow, it is just like it."

A light, dim, but distinct, began to dawn on my bewildered mind. I took Edward gently by the hand.

"There was the light," I said. We went quietly together round to the side of the house. Edward leaned across the little balcony and drew back the trailing sprays of creeper which partly screened the window from my view, and I saw poor Mrs. Conscience, with flowers on her head, and a candle in one hand, and a tress of Carry's golden hair in the other, dancing before a large mirror, talking to herself and to the back of her hair alternately, but often going dangerously near to the lace curtains which fluttered in the draught.

The spectral visitation was attended by the young lady had evidently been aware of her propensity for wandering through the house at night, and had really wished us to lock her out of our rooms; but finally she had coveted my sister's lovely hair, and had contrived in the night to steal herself of a tress, and was evidently a cherished thing. I need not tell of my indignant remonstrance with the landlady for treacherously leaving us unwarned of the mental condition of her lodger, nor of the tears and humble apologies with which she propitiated me.

My sister's hair was quite harmless, would not hurt a fly—only she loved pretty things, and the young lady's beautiful hair was too much for the poor door to withstand, and if she might make so free, the young lady looked no sweeter than she was. I was pretty fringed, so no harm was done, but in a manner of speaking, only good."

Will it be believed that it was Carry's view of the subject also; that she begged and prayed of me not to give up the lodgings, lest from that day she would be as dear as she called Mrs. Conscience, under her special protection, and that finally, when at the end of our holidays we were leaving Ramsey, she presented her, as a parting gift, with the other lock of hair.—London Chronicle.

WISE WORDS.

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor. A lover's eye will gaze an eagle blind.

Our enemies are our outward consciences.

If thou wouldst be borne with, then bear with others.

Character is a diamond that scratches every other stone.

The truly sublime is always easy and always natural.

Be generous. Meanness means enemies and breeds distrust.

The discernment of self-interest requires superior intelligence.

The recording angel never seeks information from a gravestone.

Sn in its own clothes would never find a place to set its light.

Some men never learn the difference between education and conceit.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.

He that will watch providence shall never want providence to watch.

Cut off a rooster's spur, and you take the italics all out of his crow.

When we are patient with some people it is only a successful pretence.

HUMAN nature is human nature on the throne as well as in the gutter.

A million persons need one dollar to one who needs a million dollars.

Character is something that other people's lives have brought out in us.

The people who wish they were dead are very careful of what they eat.

A Nest-Building Fish.

One of the queerest denizens of the deep, and one which could very properly be called an ichthyological wonder, is the grouper, the famous nest-building fish of the Orient.

These fish are very plentiful in the waters of Coochin China, Java, Sumatra and Borneo. At the breeding they pair off like birds and, selecting a favorable spot in shallow water, construct aquatic palaces, or nests, build large spherical mounds of floating weeds and plaster them over with mud. The broad, flat disk used in this operation are attached to the abdomen and are usually furnished with scaly bristles in the form of horns, or natural crystals. The full-grown female is six feet long and weighs 110 pounds. The eggs of this queer fish, which are deposited in the mud-plastered nest, number from 500 to 1000.—St. Louis Republic.

Third Finger of the Left Hand.

The women of the ancients were their rings on every finger, but as many as could be worn at once were clustered upon the third finger of the left hand, and were considered to be invested with a peculiar power because an astrological tradition held that it was the hand of the Egyptian, Grecian and Roman.

all had this superstition, and many possess it to this day, and so they forget to apply between the first and second fingers.

STAFF OF LIFE.

HOW BREAD IS MADE IN A BIG BAKERY.

Process Through Which It Has to Pass Before It Is Ready for the Bakery—Improvements in Machinery.

CONCERNING bread and the making of a large scale, the Washington Star has this to say: "The scientific bread was the staff of life, and it is just as important an article now as then. The main difference is that to the Hebrew and Chaldean authors of the staff of life, bread meant the whole of life. Latter day theologians agree that the passage of Genesis which reads 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread,' refers not only to rolls and muffins, but to the entire dietary system from little round loaves to cake and cheese."

The subject of bread is not popularly understood. It is an entertaining process to watch the South American aborigines steal the poison from the summer pulp and roast the latter into bread; to see the machine of the tropics to the hammer parched maize between two rocks and fry it into fritters, and to spy on the Astrakhan-haired housewife of darkest Africa as she bakes the roots of manihot and papaya into daily bread.

Bread winning is a most important thing, and bread making is at the least. Home-made bread is a back number. Machine-made bread takes the cake. The twentieth century bakery is a thing of beauty and the up-to-date baker is a joy forever. Baking on scientific principles and a mammoth scale is a high art. The Washington baker will tell you that his business is a progressive one. It is an evolution. A man must lay out his capital, take time by the forelock and mark time to the music of progress if he means to keep up with the process in.



BAKING VIENNA BREAD.
Bakers of y olden times worked sixteen and eighteen hours per day and received about \$5 per month and board. Bakers to-day work ten hours per day and earn from \$12 to \$18 per week. And yet it costs less to produce a loaf of bread now than then. The reason lies in machinery and centralization of force.

Washington can eat 200,000 loaves of bread daily. A 166-pound barrel of standard flour will make on an average 360 loaves. Calumet carries for yourself and see how many acres of wheat land, bread in the original package, it takes to make the wheels of loaf life go round.

Two of the banner bakeries of the city each have a stream of circulation of 15,000 loaves per day, and on Saturday they issue 25,000. One of the banner bakeries some time ago brought through in fifty-eight hours from La Crosse, Wis., a special train of forty cars in two sections, each car containing 30,000 pounds of flour-making flour. The principal local bakers carry a stock of about 60,000 barrels of flour, and for one year the books of one baker record the consumption of 16,000 barrels of flour.

All the first-class bakeries use only northern-grown wheat, because it is heavier, grinds finer and yields better bread. Southern grain, they say, won't do. Nearly half is said to be the best, and is most generally used. One baker used last year 32,000 pounds of the softest. The days of mail and potato yeast are only memories, and compound yeast is the feature of today. Flourless bread is a thing of the past. Flourless bread is the amount used last year in a single bakery.



MAKING THE DOUGH.

The superiority of baker's bread lies in the fact that the proper percentage of ingredients—wheat, sugar, salt, yeast, flour, and water—has been determined by years of experience and is not subject to the whims of the baker. The ingredients are not subject to the whims of the baker.

To the dear little wife who gets her arms and mottled fingers all grained up with dough this mixture proves largely a matter of guess work. To-day she hits it and blushing honors fall thick upon her. To-morrow she misses it and the rolls have to be replaced gently to save a fracture of the ribs. Then the baker's flour is selected by an expert, and unlike the potato sugar he is not to be fooled by florid advertising, tinsel labels, spurious guarantee nor poetic names.

When a consignment of flour reaches the bread mill it is weighed in the balance and inspected. If not found wanting it is hoisted to the top story in the steam elevator. Here it is weighed it is dumped into the mixer. This machine bears the same relation to bread that the hopper boy did when you and I were young.

It is a circular bin about eight feet in diameter and the mixing is accomplished by a narrow-life weapon that swings around the circle. When once the mixture is thoroughly mixed, it is dumped into the mixer. This machine bears the same relation to bread that the hopper boy did when you and I were young.



GRINDING CRACKER MEAL.

From the mixer it passes through steel sieves. These are cylindrical in form and perform their task by revolution. The flour is once a tedious hand process.

From the sifting cylinders the powder passes into receivers and then rolls through a shute into the dough hoppers located on the floor below. In the hopper is a metal revolving machine, much like a ship's screw. As the flour showers down from the upper floor it is sprinkled in and pure cold water, pumped by steam power from a sealed and concreted well directly beneath the bakery, pours in. The mass is churned and torn, the blades tearing through it at a high rate of speed and perhaps throwing occasional pieces of dough out upon the floor. These sweepings are sold to farmers as food for swine. In this way six barrels of flour may be thoroughly ground in twelve minutes. This, in the days of crude methods, was one of the slowest and most laborious processes in baking. Stewarts men bent over, punched and tugged at the dough, and perspired their toes.

The mechanical device is in the line of speed and cleanliness. After the necessary treatment in the hopper the material is lifted into wooden troughs. In professional parlance this bread-elect is called "sponge" and the process "rising." The apartment set aside for the "rising" is apt to be filled with an odor anything but perfumeful to the uninitiated scent. It



MAKING THE DOUGH.

is allowed to remain in this condition for two and one-half hours. Next it is fired down through chutes to the floor below and falls on polished hardwood tables. The kneading process is then gone through. This is best done by hand and in this department of the work the ways of our forefathers prevail.

Next it is weighed out in batches of thirteen and three-quarter pounds and tossed into a machine which cuts it into twelve parts, all exactly equal. Each shape represents a loaf, and as each of these is laid by weight one pound, the overweight is to allow for shrinkage. The machine which does this work is a German invention, but it is stated that the patent was bought by a Chicagoan, and the first instrument of the kind was put into the practical application in this city. It approaches the dough after the manner of a bullet and it is unvarying in its accuracy, and renders it impossible for the journeyman to alter the weight of the loaf either from negligence or violence.

With the present machine the journeyman has no voice in the process. He simply pulls the lever and the engine does the rest. The shaping process is next in order. The dough is passed along to the conveyor. First it is treated with steam to lighten it and give the crust. After the Turkish cake it is placed in the steam oven. It is made of pale hand-drawn wooden disks, allowed to remain thirty minutes, and then removed by the same

means. Each paddle will bear six loaves.

There are in Washington twenty-four modern, high-class ovens. These hot-air chambers have an average area of 100 square feet, and accommodate, as a rule 200 loaves at a time.

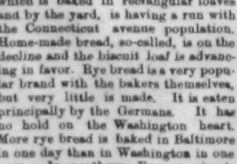


THE BIG CRACKER OVEN.

each sitting. They are absolutely free of dust and obnoxious gases and are brilliantly lighted, so that every loaf is under the surveillance of an operator. Before sunrise and bakery got tangled up and interfered the operator, when he deemed it advisable to look at his bread, would turn on the rays of an oil lamp or ignite a bunch of kindling wood so that the flames would light the interior of the oven. That is why in times that are history now baker's bread would sometimes taste of pine and resin. In one local bake shop seven ovens are kept in almost constant running order, at a cost of one thousand tons of superior coal annually.

There are about three hundred bakers in Washington, and a proportionate number of apprentices. To be graduated as a baker a three years' course is required. Eighty per cent. of the bread builders of Washington are Germans, either by birth, breeding or inheritance. A small percentage are American, native and to the manor born. The land of the lily and merry England is thus represented by small contingents. As a rule bakers are fat and jolly, but in nine cases out of ten are only modern casters. Bakers are cleanly. Modern bakeries are provided with all means to facilitate next-to-redness. There is a dressing room, where he must doff his straw hat, and sandals, cap and gown. He is robed in the fine linen. He must wash before going on duty and must always wash after having been excused from work. Bakers know how a good song counts as much on a dough batch, and sing as they labor.

There are fashions in bread just as in belles and bonnets. Vienna has the call at present and experts say that it will continue to be the ruling bread because of its excellence. It contains a large percentage of milk. The book-keeper in one of the mightiest bakeries in town tells a reporter that for the Star that during the year his food factor had soaked up 25,250 gallons of milk at a cost of over \$6000. Chicago bread five or six years ago was all the rage. Now it is a dead letter. At that time one bakery furnished the trade with 9000 loaves. The same concern now bakes but twenty-eight loaves. It was a loaf baked in large sheets and had to be torn from its partners in the postage stamp. Capitol bread is enjoying a good deal of popularity just now. It comes in sheets of sixteen and retails for four cents. Box bread, which comes in square loaves is fairly well received. Pullman bread, which is baked in rectangular loaves and by the yard, is having a run with the Connecticut avenue population. Home-made bread, so-called, is on the decline and the recent loss of advantage in favor. Rye bread is a very popular brand with the bakers themselves, but very little is made. It is eaten principally by the Germans. It has no hold on the Washington heart. More rye bread is baked in Baltimore one day than in Washington one year. In northern Europe simple crushed rye is made into bread and the loaves sometimes weigh twenty pounds. Off these a family will live an indefinite period. It is said to be



MAKING THE DOUGH.

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LAND OF THE TINNEES.

CIVILIZED INDIANS OF THE FAR NORTHWEST.

They Subscribe For a Paper Printed in Their Own Language and Have a Postal System.

AWAY to the Northwest of America in the mysterious corner of British Columbia, bordered by "unexplored territory" and hemmed in by mighty mountains, dwells a race of red men who daily grow more numerous, who have their infrequent communication with the arts of peace, and who, as they become known in their customs and conditions, must excite the wonder and attention of the civilized world. The people are known to the few travelers who have found their way among them as the *Tinnees*, and they have their infrequent communication with "civilization" chiefly through the Hudson Bay Company posts at Fort George and Fort Fraser. Their morals are more strictly guarded than are those of any white Nation of to-day; they esteem cleanliness both of person and surroundings as they do courage; and they have a saying that "to desert a friend is worse than to slay him."

The last white visitors to the home of the *Tinnees* were the men composing the Government survey party sent north last summer under A. L. Poudrier, which has recently returned. The appended notes of the chief of the expedition give some interesting facts concerning the *Tinnees* and the land they live in.

"The immense country north of the fifty-fourth parallel, generally described as the 'lake region,' is hardly known to the present generation. Years ago, during the gold excitement in Ontario, a great deal of trade and travel was taken that way, and nearly all the old pioneers are familiar with the wonderful scenery of the section."

"Since the gold boom the only inhabitants of this extensive country have been Indians and a few Hudson Bay Company employees. The natives are known as the *Tinnees*, this name including the whole race, some of the representatives of which inhabit the country east of the Rocky Mountains, others peopling the lake region proper and still others living as far to the south as the Chilcotin River. The race is divided into two families, First, the Chilcotins, living on the plain of that name; then the 'Carriers,' or 'porters,' around Fort Fraser, and, again, the *Sitonas* and the *Nahanes*, occupying the country north and east of the Nechaco River."

"In language the *Tinnees* have no relationship with the other tribes of the North, but, curiously, Indians living as far south as California (the Navajos, for example), or in Oklahoma, the *Chilotees*, speak a tongue very similar to that of the *Tinnees*."

"Of late years a young energetic missionary, Father Morrice, of Stuart Lake, has been giving his time and talents to the upbuilding of a *Tinnees* Nation which shall compare not unfavorably in many ways with that of the whites. The mother tongue of the *Tinnees*, which is exclusively rich in expression, has been through his efforts reduced to a system of phonetic writing, the characters being remarkable for the simplicity and from the fact that they rest rather than weary the eye of the reader. The written language is so simple and so systematic that a man may with equal facility learn to read or write it to perfection. Not one of the tribe, from a child of six to the old men and women of three score and ten, is unable to-day to either read or write."

"The phonetic *Tinnees* is employed by the Indians in the correspondence—for they have risen to the dignity of a postal system of their own—in the marking of signs for the guidance of travelers and explorers, and in the hundred and one other ways familiar to civilized Nations."

"To further develop the theory and render its success more complete Father Morrice, with the aid of the Indians, had special types cast from his own designs, bought a printing press and three years ago printed and published several elementary works on the languages and history of the Nation. For the past two years he has been issuing a monthly newspaper, to which every Indian in the vast district is a willing subscriber. It is called the *News*. Its first page is devoted exclusively to local affairs, such as hunting and trapping and all else which may practically interest the community in which it circulates. Another portion is devoted to religious subjects, and the remainder of its sixteen pages of space treats of the world in general, a great deal of attention being paid to science, the customs and manners of foreign countries, useful inventions, etc."

"There is," says Mr. Poudrier, "no other part of the province where the Indians are so highly civilized, so truthful and so honest—rare qualities indeed for an Indian race. One great advantage traceable to the publication of the *News* is the development of a taste for and a knowledge of agriculture. The hunting and trapping are no longer an end in the lake region, and the natives see that the resource which

they must in future look to is farming. The new generation is fast becoming a community of scientific tastes of the soil. Were all the Indians of America in an advanced state they would at no time be a cause of anxiety. The Government would never be called upon to supply their wants, and the white brother could learn not a little from them that he does not now know."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Birds with long legs have short tails.

The pitcher plant snarcs insects and swallows them, but does not digest them.

Snakeproof aluminum boots have been tried in Florida swamps and are a success.

A French surgeon removed a bullet from the eye of a child without destroying the sight of the optic.

If a well could be dug to a depth of forty-six miles the air at the bottom would be as dense as quicksilver.

In the northwestern part of Colorado there is a region, several hundred square miles in extent which is a vast deposit of petrified fish.

The "tatar" on human teeth is filled with animalcules, which are destroyed by vinegar. Vinegar itself contains eel-like insects.

A writer on elephants declares that when very hot the elephant will insert his trunk into his throat, draw up water and sprinkle it over his back.

The cause of the superstition concerning the opal is found in the fact that this gem is very liable to split, and consequently to become worthless.

There have been more remains of mastodons and other extinct mammals found in Ichteuckee River, Florida, than any other stream in the world.

A. H. Savage Landor, grandson of the poet Landor, has recently returned from a prolonged sojourn among the hairy Ainns of Yezo, Japan. The average height of these people is 62½ inches for men and 58½ inches for women.

The arts of collecting provisions, storing and preserving food, domesticating and managing flocks and capturing slaves are quite as well understood by animals and insects as by man in the earlier stages of his civilization.

The California woodpecker is an insect-eater. Yet, in the approach of winter, it prepares a store of food of a wholly different character and arranges this with as much care as an epicure might devote to the storage of his wine in a cellar.

A grower of pineapples claims valuable medicinal properties for the juice of that fruit, confidently asserting that it will cure indigestion, no matter how severe, and has proven itself to contain wonderful tonic and restorative qualities for a weak stomach. It relieves, and, so to speak, warms and nurses the distressed organ.

A red-hot wire of platinum has for many years past been used for cutting various organic substances, but it is stated in the *London Chemical News* that Mr. Warren has discovered a new use for this method and employs a wire heated by an electric current to saw the hardest kinds of wood. At first the wire would break, but he remedied this by using a steel core platinum-plated by a solution of platinum chloride in ether.

Coronets.

English noblemen are the only ones in Europe who ever wear coronets on their heads, and the sole occasion when they do so is at the coronation of the sovereign. They hold them in their hands through the ceremony, and at the moment when the Archbishop of Canterbury places the crown upon the monarch's head every peer and peeress present dons his or her coronet.

Ismaiah, as nearly half of the House of Lords is composed of peers created by Queen Victoria, it is probable that many of them have taken the trouble to provide himself with the silver coronet, lined with crimson velvet, of his rank, and were the Queen to die and the Prince of Wales to ascend the throne, there would doubtless be a run on the court silversmiths for handles of this character.

The baron's coronet, worn by the poet Lord Byron, at the coronation of George IV., and which was manufactured for the occasion, and is now in this country and was in the possession of the late proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger, who converted it into a chaffing dish for the humble vegetable known as the potato, having removed the velvet cap from the inside and turned it upside down, so that the four silver balls constitute the support of the chaffing dish—Vogue.

The Talmusian Monstrosities.

The remarkable peculiarity of the monstrosities is that while in all other cases internal organs are called *flaws*, and detract from their value, in the monstrosities they are called "magic monstrosities" because those famous monstrosities who are gifted with the wisdom of the serpent light can, by its aid, read on those surfaces of milk white reflections of the past, and the promise of the future—*London Free Press*.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Sept. 7, 1894

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Congress,

JOHN D. ALDERSON,

Of Nicholas County.

For State Senate,

JOSEPH D. LOGAN,

Of Monroe County.

For House of Delegates,

DR. J. P. MOOMAU,

Of Green Bank.

For County Commissioner,

For County Superintendent of Free Schools,

D. L. BARLOW,

Of Edray.

RAILROAD NEWS.

Wednesday morning two gentlemen from New York, Hon. Jas. G. Hillman, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and E. C. Machen, of 42 New Street, New York, came to town and in half an hour had talked railroad matters and gone.

The projected line is a very feasible scheme. Starting at Harrisonburg and utilizing the old grade of that famous narrow gauge that runs into Highland county, into Pocahontas by Frost, and on to Elk or William's River to Charleston, the proposed new railroad winds its way.

Mr. Machen came into this office for about twenty seconds, saying, "Give this to your readers," and handed in the following:

"If the citizens of our good old county were told confidentially that they could secure a great east and west trunk line of railroad simply by giving it permission to cross the county, it would doubtless seem chimerical, yet the Times is in position to say that it is a possibility, that a little hustling will make a reality."

Anyone who cannot be moved by hearing of a fresh railroad, is fit for "treason, strategy, and snafus."

Meeting of Democratic Executive Committee.

September 8, 1894.

Present: E. L. Holt, L. M. McClintic, E. D. King, E. A. Friel, M. J. McNeil, John Waugh.

E. L. Holt, of Academy, was elected Chairman, and Dr. Austin Secretary.

On motion it was ordered that the following men compose the district committees. The first named are chairmen.

ACADEMY: E. L. Holt, T. A. Bruffey, and Isaac McNeil.

EDRAY: L. M. McClintic, John A. Young, and A. S. Overholt.

HUNTERSVILLE: E. A. Friel, Willie Baxter, and L. B. Moore.

GREEN BANK: S. B. Hannah, C. O. Arbogast, and B. F. McElwee.

These committees will meet at the following places on Saturday, September 22, at 1 o'clock. Green Bank district, at Green Bank; Lewis district, at Academy; Edray district, at Marlinton; Huntersville district, at Huntersville.

The district committees are directed to take charge of the canvass in their respective districts, form Democratic clubs, etc. They will be further advised, probably, by the executive committees of the State, and this Congressional District.

E. L. HOLT, Chairman.

The Green Bank correspondent gives a graphic description of the storm of last Friday that section. There was no rain here; the day was the hottest of the season. All kinds of reports were in circulation here concerning the water and the river raised about a foot confirming every thing. We were led to believe that there had been nothing left of Green Bank except a "gray spot." Amounts of the hail were mentioned.

Some important communications crowded out this week.

The Post's Club.

PURSUANT to a common impulse the sports club met last Monday night at an hour "when churchyards yawn," and proceeded to transact their usual business. The topic "Campaign Poetry" was adopted, with some hesitation as this is an "off year" in politics. With a good deal of labor the following passed the test by the hardest and are given to the public. Do not seek to know who are responsible for the verses, for the perpetrators will not be taken alive.

1. WAR PAINT NEEDED.

The executive committee

Came together in the city,

For the formulation of a little plan,

For the Democratic party,

To be still kept fresh and hearty,

And to sweep the county as the party can.

On most mature reflection,

They decided, the election,

Might be changed by some Republican invention;

But knew they need not fear it,

If the Democratic spirit

Awoke in time to keep down all dissension.

Then sound the loyal trumpet!

And we Democrats may hump it

And become at once enthusiastic men;

For then when falls the curtain,

In November, it is certain,

The g. o. p. will be turned down again.

2. THE KICKER.

He's very distressing, the disgruntled

kicker,

If you try to reason him round to the

light:

And nothing will make a good Democ-

rat sicker,

Than to meet such a man who is sure

he is right.

He ought to remember he's acting

most crazy,

He don't know one half of this world

and its guile;

And the very same men whom he

thinks is a daisy.

May, in fact, be the crookedest stick in

the pile.

Then why should he trust to his limited

vision?

He should wait for the man, as the

parties advise;

It would do as much good, keep down

a division,

And beat the Republicans out of their

eyes.

3. THE FLOATING VOTE.

He wears no shirt, nor cuffs nor hose,

Nor collars;

Till voting time he bare-foot goes,

And hollers,

For any man who will disclose

his.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Commissioner's sale.

PURSUANT to an order of the

County Court of Pocahontas county,

made on the 12th day of July,

1894, in the matter of the old court

house and jail and the land upon

which they are situated at Hunters

village, in this county. The under

signed Special Commissioner will

proceed to sell on

Tuesday, October 16, 1894,

in front of the court house of Pocahontas county, at public auction, to

the highest bidder, the old court-house and jail and the lots

on which they are located, known as the Old Court-House and Jail

Lot, situated at Huntersville, in Pocahontas county, reserving at

said sale the use of said jail, and a

right of way over said court-house

lot to said jail, until the new jail at

Marlinton is finished and accepted

by the County Court. Said lots

and buildings would make a desirable

location for an academy or high

school.

TERMS OF SALE.

Enough cash in hand to pay

expenses of sale, and the residue upon

a credit of 6, 12, and 18 months, the

purchase giving bond with approval

of personal security for the deferred

payments, bearing interest from

date, and a lien to be retained until

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to decrees of the

Circuit Court of Pocahontas county

rendered on 6th day of April, 1894,

and on the 22nd day of June,

1894, in the chancery cause of M. J.

McNeel vs. Lanty W. Herold, and

others, the undersigned Special

Commissioners will proceed to sell on

Tuesday, October 16th, 1894,

in front of the court house of

Pocahontas county, at public auc-

tion, to the highest bidder, the one-

half undivided interest of the de-

fendant, L. W. Herold, in 120 acres

of land situate in Pocahontas county,

on the waters of Knaps Creek,

on the West side of the wagon road

leading from Huntersville to Frost,

being the same land conveyed to

Lanty W. Herold and M. F. Herold

by Andrew Herold, by deed dated

April 1st, 1876, (Exhibit "L" of the

bill). Also, 14 acres, or more, of

land situate in the village of Frost,

in this county, composed of two ad-

joining parcels, one of which is the

residue of a tract of land conveyed

to the said L. W. Herold by Charles

P. Jones, Commissioner, by deed

dated April 9, 1890, after convey-

ing 2 acres to H. F. Herold by deed

dated April 16, 1890. And the oth-

er parcel contains one acre, and the

title was derived from the late J.

B. Hannah. The 120 acres of land

is mostly in bluegrass and, is fertile

and fine grazing land. The 14

acres of land in Frost has upon it a

commodious dwelling house, togeth-

er with all necessary outbuildings,

and is admirably suited for hotel

purposes.

TERMS OF SALE:

Enough cash in hand to pay the

costs of suit and expenses of sale,

and the residue upon a credit of 6

and 12 months, the purchaser giv-

ing bonds with approved personal

security, for the deferred payments,

bearing interest from date, and a

lien to be retained until all the pur-

chase money is paid.

H. S. RICKER, Special

L. M. MCCLINTIC, Comm'rs.

I. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk of the

Circuit Court of Pocahontas county

do certify that the Commissioners

above have executed bond as re-

quired by law.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Order of publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA,

COUNTY OF POCAHONTAS, to-wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office

of the circuit court of said county,

on Monday, the 3rd day of September,

1894.

Levi Gay and J. P. Hawkins,

Plaintiffs,

vs.

J. B. Lookridge, Amos Barlow,

Henry Barlow, O. P. Sydenstrick-

er, Emma N. Warwick, First Nat-

ional Bank of Buena Vista, Bank

of Ronceverte, J. C. Loney, Jr.,

and J. H. Doyle, partners trading

under the firm name of Loney

& Doyle, Wm. Gibson, and

John Wurtz, W. T. Price and J. C.

Price, Committee of James Price,

Sr., John Andrew Clark, Bank of

Lewisburg, Hugh Dever, J. M.

Hardy and Hardy, partners

trading under the firm name of

J. M. Hardy & Son, First

National Bank of Buena

Vista, Virginia, John A.

McNeel, and J. C. Arbogast, Sher-

of Pocahontas county, and as

such Administrator of Hugh

Adams deceased,

Defendants.

The object of this suit is to en-

force against the land of the de-

fendant, J. B. Lookridge, the liens

Re-location of County-seat.

A COUNTY COURT continued and

held for the county of Pocahontas

at its court house thereon, on Wednes-

day, the 11th day of July, 1894.

This day A. B. McComb and 584 oth-

ers, citizens of this county presented

to their twenty several petitions in writ-

ing a petition for the relocation of the

county seat, made by John

M. Barnett, S. C. Pritchard, J. C. Ar-

bogast, Wm. H. Dilley, Josiah Dilley, J.

W. Baxter and J. J. Noonan, credible

citizens of this county before Sam'l R.

Scott, Jr., a Notary Public in and for

this county, and duly certified by him that said

petitioners are as such, affiant verily

believes legal voters of this county.

Which said petitioners together with said

affidavits and certificates thereof are

now here filed at this regular session of

this court and the said petitions being

in the same language and figures are

as follows: "To the County Court of

Pocahontas county, West Virginia:

Your petitioners whose names are here-

to signed respectfully represent unto

your honorable body that they are legal

voters of Pocahontas county in said

State of West Virginia and that they

desire the relocation and removal of

the county seat of said Pocahontas county

from the town of Marlinton, its present

location, to the town of Huntersville

where the old court house stands, and

upon the lot in the said town of Hun-

tersville known as the Court-House Lot.

Your petitioners, therefore, pray that a

vote may be taken upon the question of

such relocation at and to the town of

Huntersville, the place above indicated

at the next general election to be held

in said county of Pocahontas—and your

petitioners will ever pray, etc."

And it appearing to the court from an

100-100000-100000

HILLSBORO MALE AND FEMALE ACADEMY.

J. E. Wansley, A. M.
(Late Asst. Prof. of Greek and English
in Randolph Macon College.)
Principal.

MISS VERA STEINSTRICKER,
(Graduate L. F. L.)
Assistant.

MISS MARY MCNEEL,
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Colleges and the
University.

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and English, Ancient and Mod-
ern Languages, with Pub-
lic School Branches.

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metic, History, and Geography.
Tuition \$2.50 per month.

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Fifth and Sixth Reader, Ordinary
School Branches Completed.
Tuition \$2.75 per month.

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Higher English and Mathematics,
Latin, Greek, French, and Ger-
man, Nat. Science and
Moral Philosophy.
Tuition \$3.25 per month.

Musio \$3.00 per month.

Special rates will be made to students
desiring courses in Hebrew and Anglo
Saxon.

First half session open Sept. 10 '94.
Second half session opens Jan. 15 '95.
Session closes June 17 '95. For Particu-
lars apply to the Principal, Academy,
W. Va.

Commissioner's notice.

OFFICE OF L. M. McCLINTIC, COM-
MISSIONER, MARLINTON, W. VA.
August 26th, 1894.

A. W. Rider's Administrator
vs. In Chancery.

John Rider and others.
NOTICE is hereby given to all per-
sons interested in the above styled
cause that pursuant to decree entered
therein by the circuit court of Pocahon-
tas county, on the 18th day of October,
1892, and on the 21st day of June, 1894,
I will at my office in the town of Mar-
lington, Pocahontas county, West Vir-
ginia, on the 24th day of September, 1894,
proceed to take, state and report the
following accounts, to-wit:

1st. A further settlement of the ac-
counts of J. C. Arbogast, admr. of A.
W. Rider, decd.
2nd. An account the fund in this
cause, real and personal, and after pro-
viding for the payment of the debts
and costs, distribute the same among the
legatees in the will of Alex. W. Rider,
as declared and fixed in said decree.

L. M. McClintic, Commissioner.

NOTICE!

All persons knowing themselves
to be indebted to the firm of E. I.
Holt, of Academy, West Virginia,
will call and settle at once or their
accounts will be put for collection.
N. J. BROWN, Receiver.
August 28, 1894.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Woman, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ICE - CREAM

AT THE
MARLINTON HOUSE,
BY MISS C. A. TEAGER.
Every Saturday Night at 8 o'clock.

PATTERSON SIMMONS,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer - Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

THE UMBRELLA

West Side, End of
County Bridge.
Best and Cheapest Goods for
the least money.



MARLINTON,
W. VA.

Which will best protect your interests on a "Rainy Day,"
Is to make a Dollar go a long and the right way.

Your income will look larger than ever when compared with the
BIG VALUES I offer in DRY GOODS.

Calico, 5 cents a yard. . . . Ladies Shoes, LaBelle Helena, \$2.25 for \$1.75
Misses Shoes, our Fashion Dine, \$1.75 for \$1.25.

Have you ever thought how fast money accumulated when you can buy
A \$15.00 SUIT FOR \$10.85?
A \$3.00 pair of Pants for \$2.25.

Thirty three and one third doll on each \$50 you spend, in five years will
will make the sum total, \$83.334.

This is a Good Umbrella.

Yours, for Trade,

P. GOLDEN.

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION

DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines,
etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compound-
ed at all hours, day or night. A
competent Pharmacist will have
charge of the Prescription Depart-
ment.
We invite everybody and promise
close prices and polite attention.
AT E. A. Smith & Son's Old
Stand.

W. A. FRAZIER, M. D.
Practice limited to the
EYE, EAR, NOSE & THROAT.

Formerly Consulting Oculist and Au-
diologist to the St. Louis City Hospital and
Surgeon-in-Charge of the Missouri Eye
and Ear Infirmary, St. Louis.
OFFICE: Over Augusta National
Bank Staunton, Va. June-1 yr.

In Poor Health

means so much more than
you imagine—serious and
fatal diseases result from
trifling ailments neglected.
Don't play with Nature's
greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood,
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—Beware of
imitations. All others are not
equally good. The name of Dr. J. C. Brown
is on the wrapper. For full particulars
see the wrapper. For full particulars
see the wrapper. For full particulars
see the wrapper.

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Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roof-
ing, with trimmings; and
boots to lead, or tools to
keep. Can be laid by any-
body; shipped everywhere.
PAINT
red and black, for metallic
roofing. Cements Preser-
vative for shingles, posts
and wood work.
LADDERS
that shorten or lengthen;
for tinners, carpenters,
fruit growers, etc.
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heavy building, for sheath-
ing, lining rooms and floors
PRICES
low. Circulars and quotations
by addressing,
WM. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

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Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869
Cash Capital \$100,000.
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MARLINTON W. Va.

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Fine Hardwood Furniture,
Stock always on hand,
And Orders taken.

All Handmade.

Wagon Making and

Repairing.

SAW FILING.

GUN & LOCKSMITH WORK.

A. G. BURROWS,

COFFINS made to order.
Marlinton, W. Va.

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Next session begins October 1, 1894.

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408 N. Euter st., Baltimore, Md.

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AND
Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.
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Shops situated at the Junction
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nue, opposite the postoffice.

For First-Class Job Work

Come to the Times Office,

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants
and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor
other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute
for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil.
It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by
Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays
feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Cud,
cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves
teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach
and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Cas-
toria is the Children's Pausaca—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-
dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its
good effects upon their children."

Dr. G. C. O'Connor,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of
which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not
far distant when mothers will consider the real
interest of their children, and use Castoria in-
stead of the various quack medicines which are
destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium,
morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful
agents down their throats, thereby sending
them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kneeland,
Covary, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
I recommend it as superior to any prescription
known to me."

H. A. Lammie, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's depart-
ment have spoken highly of their experi-
ence in their outside practice with Castoria,
and although we only have among our
medical supplies what is known as regu-
larly, yet we are free to declare that the
merits of Castoria has won us so much
favor upon us."

CHAS. HORTON, JR., Dispensing,
Boston, Mass.

ALLAN C. SMITH, Phys.,

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

Always carries a first class line of

Dry Goods, Groceries

Queensware, Hardware, etc.,

Customers wishing to buy anything usually found in a well stocked
store can rely on being accommodated at my place of business. We
give fair warning that the buyer who wishes to save money will do
well to look through our stock of Goods. Good country produce
taken in exchange for goods.

Our Terms are CASH or to responsible parties thirty
days. All outstanding debts
must be settled at once.

The Keeley Cure.

DRUNKENNESS
OPICUM
CHLORAL
COCAINE
NEURALGIA
TUBERCULOSIS AND CHLORAL HABITS.

The Keeley Institute at Charleston, West Virginia, gives the **GENUINE KEELEY**
REMEDY—and they are administered by physicians who are not only skill-
ful in their professions—but who have had a thorough course of instruction in
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R. S. BROWN, M. D., Chief Medical Director.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 9.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1894.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClinton.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Robt. E. Barnes.
Clerk of Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk of Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'rs Co. Cl. (C. E. Board).
O. M. Kee.
Amos Barlow.
Geo. Baxter.
Geo. P. Moore.
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock—Chas. Cook, Elray—W. H. Grose, Huesterville—Jno. R. Taylor, Danmore—G. R. Curry, Academy—Thos. Bruffy, Lohela.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 2nd Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

N. C. McNEEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Marlinton, W. Va.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTON,
Attorney-at-Law.
Marlinton, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public.
Huesterville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

I. W. ARBUCKLE,

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Marlinton, W. Va.
Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
Attorney-at-law.
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will be found at Times Office.

D. R. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST.
Montgomery, Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County, at least twice a year.
The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

D. R. H. WYOMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hoel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
has located at
FROST, W. VA.
Calls promptly answered.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.

Real Estate, Mineral and Timber Lands.
Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. References furnished.
Office—Danmore, W. Va., or Alexandria, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent.
Room 19, Daily Block,
Washington, W. Va.

Senator Camden.

The premature action of some aspirants to the United States Senate, has forced the issue on the State, to a certain extent, of choosing between Camden and anti-Camden. In our own county we place enough confidence in the representative, whom we send, to allow him to go unfettered by resolutions or instructions, and knowing that he must know the sentiments of his people, he is trusted to represent that sentiment, so long as it does not conflict with the principles of an honest and straight-forward man.

Expressions of opinion that have been made by the influential men of the county, go to show that Senator Camden is as great a favorite with our people as he has always been, and the action of an unbalanced politician who is creating factional issues in other counties, is looked upon with great disgust. Senator Camden is at his home in Parkersburg doing all he can to unite the Democracy of the State, and he deserves the greater credit for refusing to enter the fight and defend himself from the annoying attacks made upon him from the stump.

When the Legislature assembles next winter, and it is found to be safely Democratic, and the important task is assigned them to choose a representative of the State, Senator Camden's claims to being re-elected will be considered. He was cheated out of one term after he had been nominated, and last time gave way for Senator Faulk-

ner by Kenma's death. He thus preserved harmony in the ranks. Though he is standing on his merits now, it was tacitly understood that he was to succeed himself on the expiration of the short term.

If West Virginia is to have a man as Senator who truly represents her native worth, it will be hard to find a man in the Democratic party who can claim as much to his credit in the way of developing the natural wealth of the State as Senator Camden.

N. B. We are opposed to Fly-Up-the-Creek Wilson.

A LITTLE boy recently worked out "W. C. T. U." to mean "Whiskey Can't Touch Us." Miss Willard would probably be delighted to know he had got at the spirit of the union. It is sad though, that she, as President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, should have looked in upon the wine when it was a pale amber, along with Lady Henry Somerset, and become partially intoxicated. Two "mighty good" women gone a little wrong.

BOARDS of appropriations, from County Courts up to Congress, are forever feeling the public pulse as to the safety of increasing expenditures. The present Congress is an exception. They reduce it as much as they dare; but the pensions are vote getters, they must do lightly there; penny postage would curtail the office holders in that department; if the clerkships were wanting, a Congressman would not be worth knowing. So what were the poor fellows to do without a tariff and an income tax? We Southerners say "dash with everything, except what is absolutely necessary to run the government, and for that expense, let Congress make counter-claim money to meet it."

Randolph County Items.

Business prospects are improving. The manufacturing industries are on the roll. The price of wool has gone up. Grain and all kinds of produce is moving in sympathy with the order of things. But its a sad blow to the Republican party. The county dwellers weep rivers of tears, but they can't stop the procession. We are going into a period of great prosperity. The Republican party of the 2d District has put up A. C. Dayton for reelection by Wm. L. Wilson, for he will be snowed under to sleep in November that he will never be heard from.

Misses Myrtle Shaw and Emma Karlin, who have been visiting at Mr. Hamilton's the past week, have returned to their home at Helvetia, Ok., how sad some of our young lads look!

Professor Wansley passes through here en route to his school at Hillsboro.

Diphtheria is prevalent in our community.

Mr. George Hearing, from Greenbrier county, has been canvassing our district in the interests of the Green University, Geneva, N. Y.

The schools of our district are flourishing nicely.

Preparations are being made for a grand time at the fair at Beverly, which will be held some time in October.

Died, of Diphtheria, little Russia Wansley, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Wansley.

Sleep on, dear sister, and take thy rest. God called the angel, he thought it best 'Twas hard indeed to part with thee, But Christ's strong arm supporteth me. A precious one from us has gone, A voice we loved is stilled, A place is vacant in our home That never can be filled.

Elkwater, W. Va. "OBSERVER."

Died, Mrs. Fricella Stewart died Sept. 6th, at Mr. J. B. McCutcheon's, aged 94 years. She was a native of Rockbridge county, but had been residing in Pocahontas several years, at the home of her brother, the late Robert McCutcheon, Esq., near Danmore. Her decease was quite sudden. She had just finished peeling a pan of apples, and walked across the room and sat down to dinner, and expired in an instant, at the table. Though so sudden, yet her departure was safe, as she trusted in her Redeemer, and was expecting to be called away at any time.

Miss Bettle Mallow, the only daughter of Mr. James W. and Mrs. Loury, near Huntersville, died Sept. 9th, aged 16 years and two days, after an illness of four or five months' continuance. Her decease is much lamented by her relatives and many attached friends, by whom she was so highly esteemed for her amiable character and pleasingly modest deportment. Last winter she spent at School in Covington, and was studiously endeavoring to acquire a finished education, when her health gave way, and she returned home.

"Precious daughter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deeply feel But it is God who has bereft us, He will all our sorrows heal."

"But in heaven we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is freed, And there with joy to greet thee Where no face will tear is shed."

W. T. P.

There seems to be a prevailing thirst for learning. There are boys and girls whose hearts are much set upon getting an education.

Wherever there be such, and the morals and habits be exemplary, it would be well for the members of their families, or of near friends to exercise some self-denial and give them a chance for a year or two, the inconvenience would be painful, but only temporary. If wealthy young people for want of money be prevented from attaining the best education of which they are capable, the result and loss will follow them through life. Mental training is worth far more to them than any perquisites clothes or luxuries.

If I Should Die Tonight.

"If I should die to-night:
My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
Would smooth it down with tender care,
And fold my hands with lingering tears—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!"

"If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,

The memory of my selfishness and pride
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

"If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully:
The eyes that chill me with arrested glance,
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way—
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?

So I might rest forgiven of all to-night.
"Oh friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow!"

Think gently of me - I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.

Forgive, oh hearts estranged! forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need

The tenderness for which I long to-night! — Selected.

Those Brass Candle Sticks.

It was a pious lady of great intelligence and uncommon conversational powers that told the following of herself: "I had a lazy mind (back to slavery times) who was constantly trying my patience. One morning, I gave her minute and strict orders to brighten up the antique candle-sticks that were my joy and pride, when shining as a grandame used to keep them. According to this maid's rule, my order was not obeyed, I could stand such open disobedience no longer, and lost all patience and control of myself, berating the offender soundly.

"During the day, I chanced to see my loved - candelabras - all bright and shining, but took so pleasure now in them. Then my soul began to upbraid me and I said to myself: 'To think of a being with an immortal soul to save, be coming angry and giving rein to the tongue over two brass candlesticks!' And thus in life, how often the cause that entraps us and gives Satan the advantage, is small, O very small, and far below the soul bond for immortality! — Mrs. Anna L. Price, in Christian Observer.

It is hard to realize that in some states the emancipated party, the Populists hold the reins of government. Those Populists coming under the observation of a West Virginian, are generally men who have never been in touch with any party organization and who have no pride in a "faith that will not shrink" if such a term is known in politics. The worst trouble about this party is that the comparatively short span of life allotted to a man, handicaps him in his efforts to wipe out one or the other of the parties that he may have a try at governing; if he could live a thousand years, he might indulge in the pleasures of hope.

The church-going people of California have a quaint way of expressing themselves about preaching from manuscript. When a minister from New York, or some other eastern point is on the Pacific Coast and is requested to preach a set sermon, he is usually asked to give the brethren some good old-fashioned "sermon" for some good old-fashioned "sermon."

The devil probably keeps a skin of man.

An anecdote is told of Benjamin Franklin, that points a moral, worthy of remembrance. When he asked an old gentleman for his consent to marry his daughter the father objected for the reason he believed that Franklin was bound to be poor all his life. He said, that this young man "proposes to be a printer and already there are two printing offices in the colonies now. It seems to me he cannot make a living out of a third one."

The circulation of reading matter however from the first ones, created a desire for more and more until now the papers are numbered by thousands.

The Charlottesville Progress says Dr. A. C. Jones, of Doe Hill, Va., a graduate in medicine last session, and recently appointed assistant demonstrator in anatomy, is now at the University, awaiting the opening of the session.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA,

COUNTY OF POCAHONTAS, to wit:

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the circuit court of said county, on Monday, the 3rd day of September, 1894.

Levi Gay and J. P. Hawkins, Plaintiffs,

vs.

J. B. Lockridge, Amos Barlow, Henry Barlow, O. P. Sydenstricker, Emma N. Warwick, First National Bank of Buena Vista, Bank of Hancock, J. C. Lourey, Sr., J. C. Lourey, Jr., and J. H. Doyle, partners trading under the firm name of Lourey & Doyle, Wm. Gibson, John Wurtz, W. T. Price and J. C. Price, Co. Defendants.

Whereas, the above named parties, Sr., John Andrew Cook, Bank of Lewisburg, Hugh Dever, J. M. Hardy and Haddy, partners trading under the firm name of J. M. Hardy & Son, First National Bank of Buena Vista, Virginia, John A. McNeel, and J. C. Arbogast, Sheriff of Pocahontas county, and as such Administrator of Hugh Adams deceased, Defendants.

The object of this suit is to enforce against the land of the defendant, J. B. Lockridge, the liens of the plaintiffs and defendant creditors of said J. B. Lockridge. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that the defendants, J. M. Hardy and Hardy, First National Bank of Buena Vista, Virginia, and John A. McNeel are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said court, this 3rd day of September, 1894.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk

W. A. BRATTON, Solicitor. 57 48

NOTICE.

I will on the 28th day of September, 1894, proceed to sell, on the farm of Allan Gifford to the highest bidder, all of the personal property belonging to the estate of Jno. Gifford, deceased, to wit:

2 Horses, 1 Shetland Pony, 2 Cows, some yearling Cattle, about 75 head of Sheep, 1 wagon and harness, some other property not listed.

TERMS OF SALE.

All sums under five dollars, cash in hand, and all sums over that, twelve months time will be given, purchaser giving bond with approved security.

J. W. OLIVER.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my lands on Hill's Creek, adjoining the lands of P. Henry, R. W. Hill and others, either by hunting, taking fruit of any kind, walking, or doing through, or by tearing down fences without permission.

J. O. HILL.